

STRANGE STYLES

Not in Garments but in Funeral Ceremonies.

HAPPY DAYS TO "PUCK" MEYER

An Eccentric German's Ashes Scattered to the Winds From the Top of the Statue of Liberty.

There are as many styles in funerals as there are in clothes. Obscurely vary not only according to national custom, but also according to individual taste, and the results are embalming, cremation, green graves in quiet churchyards, costly vaults for the rich, corpse bed vaults among the



"PUCK" MEYER.

Parsons, temporary entombment at Pere la Chaise for the Parisians, and human electroplating for those who desire to preserve their immediate ancestors for home exhibition.

"Puck" Meyer chose the furnace as his post-mortem lot. He was a German seaman keeper on Staten Island, a gallant soldier of the late war, a generous friend, a forgiving enemy and a ready listener to any tale of woe or appeal for charity. When "Puck," or rather Henry, Meyer was stricken with mortal illness he called his comrades and gave directions for the funeral. Then he turned his face to the wall and died.

In every minutest particular his wishes were complied with. Two days after death the body was dressed in the uniform of the Schutzen corps and taken to Fresh Pond, accompanied by the family, friends and a brass band. There it was cremated, and while the ashes were placed in an urn, buttons from his coats worn on battle fields were distributed as souvenirs. One afternoon a fortnight later the committee men having charge of the affair took boat to Bedloe's island. They climbed to the tiara of Barthold's great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" and there uncovered their heads.

"Happy days," responded his companions, and then they tossed to the winds the urn of ashes. Next two bottles of champagne were opened, and all drank to the health of the deceased. This ended the ceremony, and the participants descended the stairs, took the boat for New York and dispersed to their homes. Meyer was fifty-six years of age when he died. He was noted for his love of children and animals. The little people of Port Richmond called him "Uncle Puck," and the homeless dogs and cats of the village found refuge and food in his back yard. During the war his pluck saved him from becoming a captive. He was wounded in the leg and the doctors wanted to cut it off. "No, sir," said Meyer, "even dog leg dies, I die too." And so they did.

Nearly as dramatic and far more disorderly was the recent funeral of Colonel Richard Dyott, who represented Lichfield in the British parliament for fifteen years. Since Cromwell's time every member of the Dyott family has been buried at midnight. The hearse containing the colonel's coffin left Freeford hall, attended by twenty torch bearers, and the procession moved through the town at a slow pace toward St. Mary's church. The streets were crowded, no less than 15,000 persons turning out to witness the strange obsequies.

THE MIDNIGHT FUNERAL.

"Happy days," responded his companions, and then they tossed to the winds the urn of ashes. Next two bottles of champagne were opened, and all drank to the health of the deceased. This ended the ceremony, and the participants descended the stairs, took the boat for New York and dispersed to their homes. Meyer was fifty-six years of age when he died. He was noted for his love of children and animals. The little people of Port Richmond called him "Uncle Puck," and the homeless dogs and cats of the village found refuge and food in his back yard. During the war his pluck saved him from becoming a captive. He was wounded in the leg and the doctors wanted to cut it off. "No, sir," said Meyer, "even dog leg dies, I die too." And so they did.

Nearly as dramatic and far more disorderly was the recent funeral of Colonel Richard Dyott, who represented Lichfield in the British parliament for fifteen years. Since Cromwell's time every member of the Dyott family has been buried at midnight. The hearse containing the colonel's coffin left Freeford hall, attended by twenty torch bearers, and the procession moved through the town at a slow pace toward St. Mary's church. The streets were crowded, no less than 15,000 persons turning out to witness the strange obsequies.



MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

The mayor and corporation met the hearse at the door of the sacred edifice. Archdeacon Scott read the service, and during the ceremony a disgraceful riot occurred. In honor of the event the Lichfield authorities granted the local gin men permission to keep open after 11 p. m. Men, women, too, got drunk, and hundreds of intoxicated people tried to force their way into the already crowded church. They were opposed by the constabulary, and in the melee a police inspector had a finger bitten off by a drunken and cannibalistic freeholder. Clubs, stones and bricks came into active use, and it was nearly morning before the rioters dispersed. Then Colonel Dyott was laid to rest in companionship with the bones of his eccentric ancestor.

Twenty-five thousand people witnessed the funeral of Mrs. General Booth, the high priestess of the Salvation Army, which took place one day last fall at London, in Olympia hall. Gaudy streamers decorated the mammoth glass roof, and gorgeous Japanese fans and umbrellas adorned the galleries. Minaret vendors sold tea, coffee, sandwiches and liquor to the multitude, while other vendors hawked portraits of the dead woman, copies of her writings and of The War Cry. A brass band of 600 pieces furnished the music. All this noise and trade stopped when the actual ceremony began.

After several prayers and hymns the funeral procession entered the building. It consisted of men and women bearing the flags of all nations where the Salvation Army has a foothold. The pallbearers

were dressed in red jerseys. Few words were spoken. The hall is too vast for proper conveyance of the human voice. But huge signs worked by pulleys told the multitude what was to sing, and so the services passed off without a break or note of discord.

A ROMANCE OF RASCALITY.

Chevalier Paraf's Wonderful Swindles. His Son Now in Jail.

Believers in the doctrines of heredity and of natural depravity will find food for contemplation in the case of Alfred Paraf, the grandson of an honorable and wealthy New York lawyer, and the son of one of the cleverest swindlers of the century.

The story is strange, and not without an element of instruction and warning. In 1867 C. Bainbridge Smith, now retired, was a prosperous attorney in active practice. His daughter, Leila, had just entered society, and was considered one of the most beautiful bachelors in New York city. Mr. Smith's home life was an ideal one, and in every respect the popular legal adviser seemed a favorite of fortune.

To this happy family enters at the time mentioned the Chevalier Alfred Paraf, a native of Alsace. He had the form and features of an Apollo, the polished manners of a citizen of the world, the suave address of a gentleman

and the winning ways of a heart breaker. One thing he did not display to public gaze, and that was the black heart of a conscienceless scoundrel. Two years before, while traveling in Scotland, Paraf received news from home of his father's failure. He had never worked, and his life had been that of a liberally allowed heir who expected some day to succeed to ample estates. Thus suddenly thrown upon his own resources, he resolved that the world should take the place of his father in furnishing him support.

At school the young adventurer had from inclination devoted much time to chemistry. The knowledge so acquired he now put to practical use. Going to Glasgow he sought out a wealthy firm of cloth dealers, and persuaded them that he possessed a secret for a new and cheap dye. The tradesmen bit, and bought the secret for \$4,000. Paraf promptly fled to Paris, where he "did up" his uncle in a precisely similar manner and secured from him \$10,000. Being in funds and anticipating that the air of Europe might soon become unhealthily the chevalier took passage for America.

He loomed on New York like a society star of the first magnitude. For his rooms at the Everett House he paid \$125 a week. He kept a cab standing at the door night and day. He took baths scented with costly perfumes. He gave dinners at Delmonico's, and arranged a theater party nearly every night. Not satisfied with these means for ridding himself of cash he forced loans on his new acquaintances in sums ranging from \$100 to \$2,000. When nearly at the end of his pile he went to New England and found some gullible manufacturers who gladly handed him \$50,000 for an "aniline black" dye.

Back in New York again, he tackled the professors of Columbia college and "sold them" to the queen's taste. He showed them how to make butter out of animal fat, and modestly said that it was "a little invention of my own." A company, the first to produce oleomargarine in the United States, was thereupon formed. They gave Paraf a big price for his secret and elected him president. It cost them three cents a pound to turn beef fat into butter, and as they marketed it readily for fifteen cents all the stockholders were jubilant. Incidentally the chevalier dropped over to Rhode Island and sold the exclusive right to use a wonderful madder dye to Governor Sprague for \$25,000. Then he married Mr. Smith's daughter, and ere the honeymoon was over had to "jump the town." It came out the "dyes" and "butter" were the discoveries of foreigners, and not in America by patents.

At San Francisco Paraf started a gold mining company, "cleaned up" everything in sight and fled to South America. At Santiago he established smelting works, and duped the Chilean capitalists until he could get \$18,000 in gold out of a ton of copper. Shares in the works, of par value of \$1,000, actually sold for \$150,000 each. An accident disclosed the fraud and the chevalier went to prison for five years. Until his exposure his wife had believed in him. She continued to love him through it all, and upon his release accompanied him to France, where he died four years ago. Mrs. Paraf lived three years longer, and then passed away at Bergen Point, N. J.

Of this union three children were born—a daughter, sixteen years old, who is now at school in France; Lucie, another daughter, now five years of age, who lives with her grandparents in New York city; and the boy Alfred, who is now fifteen. Some months ago Alfred deliberately left his comfortable home and joined himself to a gang of Downy thieves. The other day they ran short of funds, and young Paraf, with two companions, went to Bayonne, N. J., secured entrance to Mr. Smith's country house and stole \$7,000 worth of jewelry. They were caught and locked up, and as Mr. Smith declines to interfere on behalf of his grandson the young scoundrel seems due for a long term at the Elmira reformatory.

No Signs of Results.

The famous German consumption remedy has its failures as well as its triumphs. It would seem. Christopher Darcy, an awning maker of New York, who lived at 232 East Thirtieth street, died the other day in Bellevue hospital. He was one of the patients there upon whom the Koch lymph cure was tried. His was a case of consumption of long standing and not considered curable. He had three or four injections of lymph, but without apparently getting any good from it. Dr. H. P. Loomis made an autopsy on the body at the morgue. Deputy Coroner Weston was present. Both of them said afterward that no sign of results from the lymph was discovered. The last injection was made a month ago.

The Trouble with Those Shoes.

Now there is an individuality about footprints, and they may be artistic or otherwise, a fact which was appreciated by a woman of our acquaintance whose son had the misfortune to be born with a deformed foot. After various struggles with "store shoes" the village cobbler was appealed to. Reconstructing a last in accordance with a series of measurements, the knight of waxed ends was enabled to produce in time a marvel in leather which represented nothing but that boy's foot, or perhaps the misshapen case of some band instrument. However, the boy was delighted with the result. At last he had found a foot covering that was comfortable, but the mother did not share in his youthful joy, for that same day she returned the shoes in person, saying, "They wouldn't do at all."

"Why?" exclaimed the rural Crispin. "I called 'em an extra fit."

"Oh, I don't say as they ain't a fit," replied the dissatisfied woman, "but Dell she can't wear 'em; they make such heavy tracks in the snow."—Lewiston Journal.

Simple as A B C.

Prisoner—So you think you can get me off?

Lawyer—Easily enough. I will prove to the court that you are a lunatic, and you will be sent to an asylum.

"But how am I to get out of the asylum?"

"I will prove to the superintendent that you are not a lunatic."—Good News.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much mistaken milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so dispense their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, AND CHRONIC COUGH OR SEVERE COLD. All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are very few imitations.

CALIFORNIA

CREAM OF PRUNES

A very pleasant Laxative, made from the juice of French Prunes combined with a few harmless vegetable ingredients of well-known and highly medicinal qualities, put up in the form of CREAM DROPS.

Making a very valuable preparation FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN, Assisting the food and regulating the Stomach and Bowels.

IT PROMOTES DIGESTION, CHEERFULNESS AND REST.

IT IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY

FOR CONSTIPATION, SORE STOMACH, CONVULSIONS, LOSS OF SLEEP, COLIC, WORMS, FEVERISHNESS, ETC.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BRIGGS MEDICINE CO.,

San Francisco, California.

429 A

There set

Quarter

OF A

CENTURY

AGO

The reason

of the success

of this remedy

is that it is

a purely natural

remedy, and

therefore it

is not only

safe, but also

effective. It

is the only

remedy of the

kind that has

been tested

for over fifty

years, and

has been

found to be

entirely

safe and

effective.

It is the

only remedy

of the kind

that has

been tested

for over fifty

years, and

has been

found to be

entirely

safe and

effective.

It is the

only remedy

of the kind

that has

been tested

for over fifty

years, and

has been

found to be

entirely

safe and

effective.

It is the

only remedy

of the kind

that has

been tested

for over fifty

years, and

has been

found to be

entirely

safe and

effective.

It is the

only remedy

of the kind

that has

been tested

for over fifty

years, and

has been

found to be

entirely

safe and

effective.

It is the

only remedy

of the kind

that has

been tested

GALBRAITH BROS.,

Of Zanesville, Wis.,



Have a carload of their celebrated CLYDESDALE AND ENGLISH SHIRE STALLIONS at Grant Bros' Stables, where they are offered for sale. They are all Standard-bred and not like the select Clydes and Dominie Draft Grades brought here to be imposed on the public.

Call and See Them.

THE WASATCH

PATENT ROLLER MILLS.

BEST GRADES OF ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR.

BRANDS—HIGH PATENT AND STRAIGHT Grades; all warranted as good as any made in Utah.

The Highest Cash Price Paid for Good Wheat. Telephone to the Mills, 103. Office, 45 East First Street.

HUSLER & CO., Props.

A CHOICE LINE

OF

SPRING

— AND —

SUMMER

SUITINGS

Just Received, and

AT LOW PRICES.

— AT —

H. F. CLARK, THE TAILOR.

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT!

Eastern

Misfit

Clothing

Parlors

44

E-SECOND SOUTH ST

We are daily in receipt of the Latest Spring Novelties in

MERCHANT TAILOR-MADE CLOTHING

From our Eastern Agents.

SPRING SUITS:

SACKS, CUTAWAYS, PRINCE ALBERT, AND

OVERCOATS:

From \$10 to \$35.

Made of the Finest Qualities of Imported and Domestic Goods. We guarantee all our garments. Quality and Fit is good as can be procured of any merchant tailor in the west.

AT ONE-HALF THE PRICE.

All goods warranted as represented or money refunded. Call and convince yourself.

O. L. ELIASON,

DEALER IN

DIAMONDS, CLOCKS,

WATCHES, SILVERWARE,

JEWELRY, OPTICAL GOODS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

P. O. Box 521. 220 Main St.,

Salt Lake City.

C. O. BONNERUD.

Contractor and Builder.

All Kinds of Mason Work a Specialty.

ESTIMATES GIVEN PROMPTLY.

Address, Salt Lake City.

ECLIPSE

CALL & SEE

THE

ECLIPSE

52 EAST 1ST SOUTH

No Shaded Glass Needed

EVERY BODY MADE

WELCOME

EVERY THING

IN THE

ECLIPSE

52 EAST 1ST SOUTH

NO SHAD

EVERY

WEL

EVERY

IN THE

ECLIPSE

52 EAST 1ST SOUTH

NO SHAD

EVERY

WEL

EVERY

IN THE

ECLIPSE

52 EAST 1ST SOUTH

NO SHAD

EVERY

WEL

EVERY

IN THE

ECLIPSE

52 EAST 1ST SOUTH

NO SHAD

EVERY

WEL

EVERY

IN THE

ECLIPSE

52 EAST 1ST SOUTH

NO SHAD

EVERY